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PRICE TEN CENTS.

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What fools these mortals be!

Puck

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THE ROUGH RIDERS.

THEY ARE ROUGH ON THE SPANIARDS, WHETHER THEY RIDE OR WALK.

PUCK.



Takin' it all the way round,
there is suthin' interestin' goin'
on here most of the time."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE OLYMPIAN SHARPSHOOTER.

VENUS.—Going out to-
day?

CUPID.—Yes, Ma;—just
for target practice.

IN MADRID.

FIRST CITIZEN.—It is
a wonder that our torpedo
boats have not done some
damage.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Well, the
trouble is that those people on the
American ships are up at all hours
of the night!

ONE TOUCH of war mends all a nation's
punctures.

APPRECIATED.

THE VICTIM.—Confound your impudence! Trying to take a snap shot of me?
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—I've got it, thanks! Much obliged for the attitude
and the expression! It'll be an interesting picture, I'm sure!

A LIVELY PLACE.

"WHAT DO you people have here in the way of amusements?"
asked the critical young man from the metropolis, who
was spending his vacation in Kohacl. "It seems to
me that continued existence in such an out-of-the-way
place as this would be little short of stagnation."

"Oh, pshaw, no!" replied the landlord of the tavern.

"As soon as you git the lay of the land here you'll find
there's plenty goin' on all the time to break the monotony. You see, in
the first place, everybody in the community knows everybody else, and so
we keep posted on and enjoy observin' each other's courtships, trades
and family squabbles. Then, there are peddlers and agents comin' along
every now and then with new stories and jokes to tell us. There are quite
a number of first-rate croquet players here, and there is an interestin'
game goin' on most of the time. There are a good many funerals, too;
and, as we always know the parties, they are real entertainin'; and then,
after it's over, there is always a wrangle between the two village doctors
as to what killed the late lamented; and, as we all take sides, one way or
the other, it makes things lively for quite a while after each funeral.

"There is generally a church quarrel goin' on to talk over. Every
once in a while Lyman Stang has a fit in front of the post-office; and,
'most every day, Judge Purdy and Cap'n Hez Tuttle git to janglin' over a
game of checkers, and pull each other's noses quite considerably. And, all
Summer, there's the peculiar-actin' city visitors to make fun of. Eh-yah!

IT WILL be remembered to the credit of the *Texas* that she runs
aground only in time of peace.

ENGLAND IS not anxious to have us go into the colony business; that
is to say, England does n't care about being a grandmother country.

THERE IS probably not one harmless, inoffensive citizen of the United
States who does not think that if he should happen to get into a fight
he would be a holy terror.

MILITARY TERMS.



"Left wheel!"



"Right about face!"



DU VRECHT, 1898, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMANN

THE RESULT.

"That is Mrs. Somers. She has attracted quite a little attention here this season."
 "How?"
 "By making no effort to attract any."

ON HIS DIGNITY.

SHE.—No; I don't believe in encouraging mendicants.
 HE.—All right, Mum; but yer need n't ter insult me by callin' names.



DEFENDANT, 1898, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMANN

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

MAMA.—It must have been three o'clock this morning when the baby woke up.
 PAPA.—Yes. He overslept himself!

WHY THEY BECAME EXTINCT.

NOAH.—Are all the animals on board?
 JAPHET.—All but two—the Ichty—Ichty—gimme a pencil.
 (*Writes, Ichthyosaurus and the Plesiosaurus*)—there!
 NOAH (*whispering*).—Don't say a word about them;—they never will be missed.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

JAY GREEN.—Are you the wild man?
 MUSEUM FREAK.—Yes.
 JAY GREEN.—H'm! Wal, what makes you wild?
 MUSEUM FREAK.—The fool questions that are being continually asked me.

WHEN TIME COUNTS.

SMITH.—Jones feels hurt about your saying he is nearly seventy.
 BROWN.—But he is, is n't he?
 SMITH.—He says not;—only sixty-seven last July.

AFTER THE MASS MEETING.

"Colonel Shouter had an impediment in his speech."
 "Is that so?"
 "Yes. It was interrupted by eggs and potatoes."

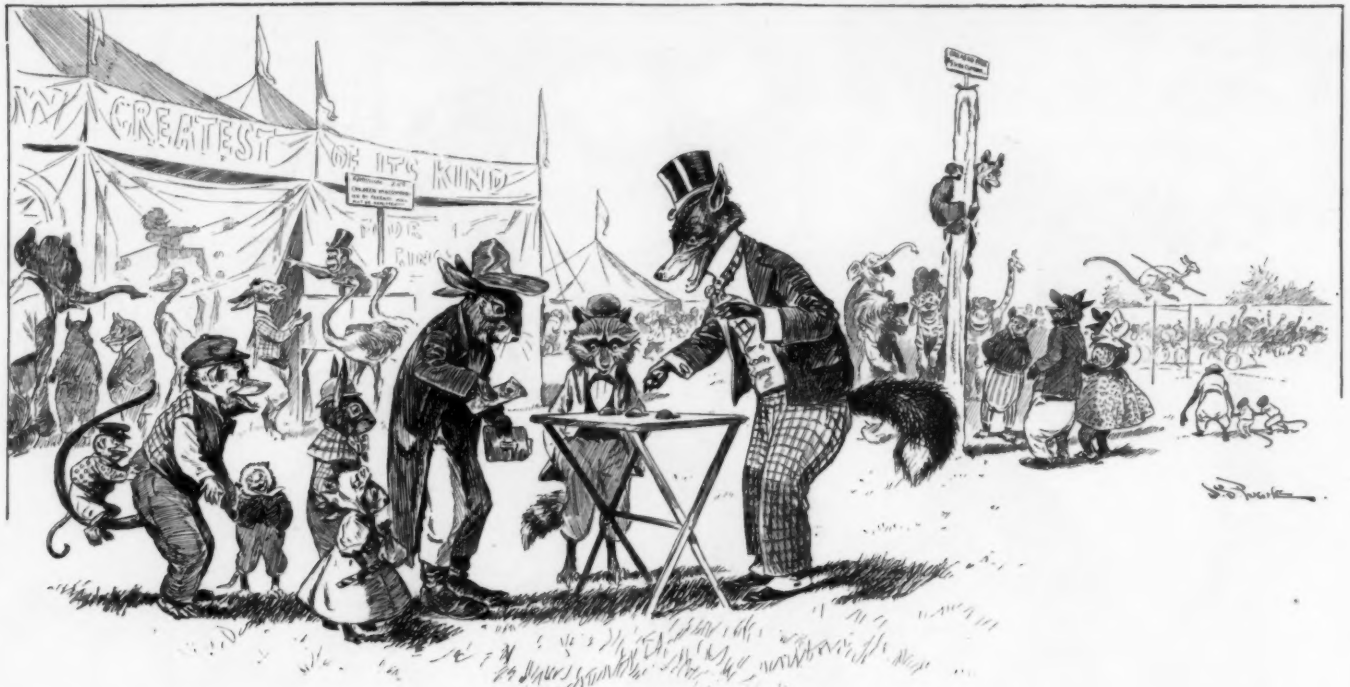
A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

MRS. GABBLETON.—I only speak my mind.
 POOR GABBLETON (*with surprising spirit*).—Yes; but you change it so often that it keeps you talking all the time in order to speak it.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

JOHNNY.—What is a Contralto, Papa?
 PAPA.—U'm—I can't define a Contralto, Johnny, except as the mortal enemy of the Soprano.





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LINGERING DOUBTS.

PROSPECTIVE VICTIM.—It looks like an easy game.

THE VICTIM.—Oh, yes! It's as easy as rolling off a log.

PROSPECTIVE VICTIM.—But I rolled off a log once and got hurt!



WELL GROUNDED ON SOME THINGS.

HO was the man that never told a lie?" asked the new teacher of the boy with the black eye, smiling face, and one-hundred-and-forty-seven demerit marks opposite his name.

"I hain't got so fur as dat yet," answered that worthy helplessly; and then, evidently wishing to make as good an impression as possible on the new teacher, he added hastily: "but I knows any God's quantities uv fellers dat was n't him!"

AN IRRESISTIBLE PROPOSITION.

"Yes, Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Skillful Pleader, in sonorous accents, "my opponent is a rhetorical rhodomontadist, inflated with a flatulent idea of his own infallibility." Then he paused for an impressive moment.

"Say!" he continued, leaning confidentially forward, "let's puncture his tire!"

WILLING TO GO.

THE JUDGE (*sternly*).—The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court room.

THE PRISONER (*enthusiastically*).—Hooray!

UNFORTUNATE OFFICIOUSNESS.



MRS. KNOWALL.—Now, how fortunate it was that I raised that barrel before I began to pack this china. The bottom of the barrel is entirely out. I'll have to go over to the grocer's and have him send me another.

"THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM."

SHIFF.—What caused Grinkam to renounce Theosophy? The last time I saw him he was claiming to be the reincarnation of his grandfather.

JONESMITH.—Yes; he firmly believed that he was the reincarnation of his grandfather; but people began dunning him for money they had loaned the old gentleman fifty years ago, and Grinkam discarded the theory in short order.

SOUNDED FAMILIAR.

HIGGINS.—I thought you said you did n't know a word of the Russian language, yet you seemed to carry on quite a conversation with that Russian peddler.

WIGGINS.—Yes; I had a fit of sneezing, and the fellow thought I was talking Russian, and answered me.

IN THE KLONDIKE.

FIRST MOSQUITO.—That new arrival will get hurt if he don't look out.

SECOND MOSQUITO.—Who is he, anyhow?

FIRST MOSQUITO.—Oh! he's a tenderfoot mosquito from New Jersey.

A VESSEL OF WRATH—The War-ship.

THE DOGS of war show the effects of having been a good while tied up.



MR. KNOWALL.—Confound women, I say! Mary said she would pack this china and she has n't started it. It's a two-hour job, and we have to be out of this house by four o'clock. I'll do it myself and put her to shame for her negligence!



"She must have started to pack it, for here is a bedding of excelsior at the bottom.



"Phew! I wish I had let her do it herself. It's too hard work for a man. It has taken me nearly two hours, and I'm not done yet.



"There! Finished at last! I'll give her a bit of my mind when she comes home for forcing me to do this job.

MODERN CONVERSATIONS.



“GOOD MORNING!”
 “Oh! good morning, Doctor! I'm so glad you've come! I was so nervous, and —”
 “Your hand, please.”
 “Discouraged.”
 “We mustn't allow that, really, you know. You need a change.”
 “I always need a change.”
 “But you should go away.”
 “I'm always going away.”
 “You come back, don't you?”
 “I have to — to consult you.”
 “Don't make compliments. It has a tendency to excite you.”
 “But you are such a dear man! My husband does n't half appreciate you.”
 “Nonsense! I must take your temperature. Now, for two minutes, please.”
 “O-O-O, M-m-m!” (A pause.) “How was it?”
 “Oh! normal. Your trouble is too subtle to be reflected in a temperature.”
 “Of course it is. How few understand me as you do!”
 “You must remember that I make a study of you.”
 “I wish my husband did.”
 “Tut! he has n't time. Now for remedies. Do you drive daily?”
 “Oh, yes! but it's so monotonous.”
 “Still, it must be continued. Now, for a walk?”
 “Oh! I'm not strong enough to walk. You know that.”
 “True. Still, I should advise a block or so a day. And you must not sit up late.”
 “How late?”
 “Well, not after midnight!”
 “Oh, dear!”
 “And have you taken that prescription regularly?”
 “Dear me, yes! You know I always obey you.”
 “That's right. And now I must go.”
 “Must you?”
 “Yes. Just think of all those who are waiting to see me! Do you wish me to come to-morrow?”
 “Oh! yes! yes! yes! I know I should die if I did n't see you!”

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

DAISY MEDDERS (*who reads novels*).—Have you never met the woman whose touch thrilled every fibre of your being and filled you with indescribable emotions?

JAY GREEN (*who does n't*).—Yep! I was operated on by a woman dentist once.

SINCERITY is scarce, but the supply is equal to the demand.

WHAT SPAIN needs is a cabinet with courage enough to make peace.

IF THE first shall be last and the last first, it shows that destiny is to be read a good deal like a Summer novel.



A POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.

JACK DEWIT.—Yes, I can set you free; but it is somewhat like the liberation of Cuba.
 MISS FETCHYNGE.—How?

JACK DEWIT.—It is taking more time than I thought it would.

AN EXPERT.

NELLY.—I believe Grace has a thorough knowledge of chemistry.

IRENE.—Yes, indeed! Why, she could analyze her own complexion!



VI.

“I wonder whether it is very heavy or not? Why, no! I can lift it with ease! Heavens! What is the matter? All the packing appears to be sinking to the bottom.”



VII.

“For the love of heaven! The barrel has no bottom in it!”



VIII.

MRS. KNOWALL (*entering*).—I went down to get a new barrel, James. For goodness' sake! What have you been doing? All the dishes broken! You don't mean to say you tried to pack in that bottomless barrel? Well!



IX.

MR. KNOWALL (*moving out of the room as his wife starts to pack new barrel*).—That is just what I am!
 MRS. KNOWALL.—You are what?
 MR. KNOWALL.—Why, just what you think I am!

PUCK.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

"BY HECK, Maw!" ejaculated young Lab Juckett, a sag-mouthed Arkansaw youth, who had just returned from making a short journey on the cars; "it's a pow'ful lucky thing fer me that I'm left-handed! Had n't a-been, I would n't a-been home till to-mor'."

"How do you make that out, Labby?" asked his mother.

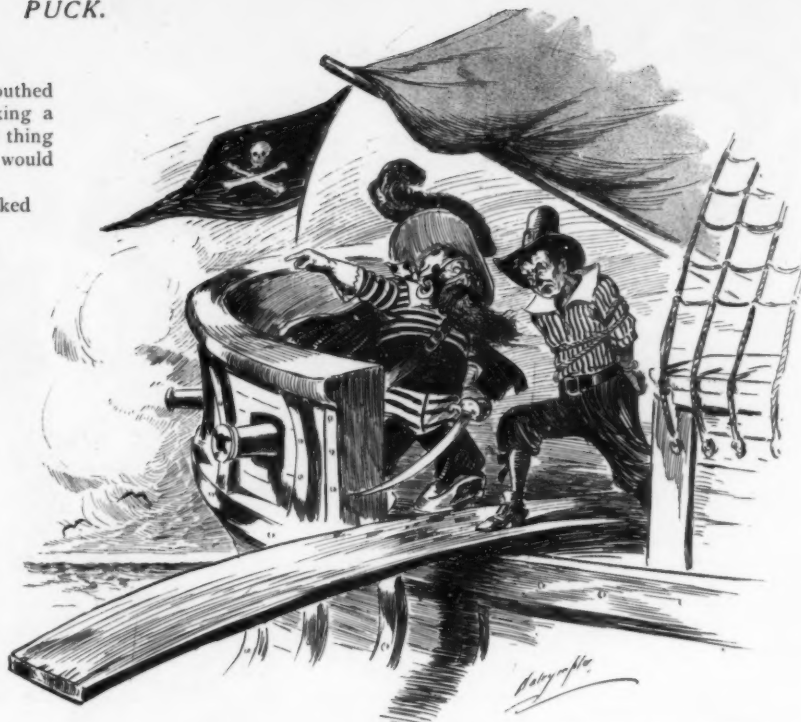
"Why, it is like this: Pretty soon after I'd got on the train, a feller that looked like one of them smart drummers from the Nawth, asked me whur I was goin'. I told him to Eastville, and he p'inted out to me that I was settin' facin' the wrong way, and said that I'd better turn my seat right over or I'd be carried to Westville in spite of myself. The dad-blamed seat was stuck fast so's I could n't turn it over, and I was considerable flustered for a minute; but all of a sudden I happened to think of somethin', and says I:

"That's all right, Stranger; I'm left-handed."

"He'd been grinnin' a good deal befo' that, but he quit it then, and whacked me on the back and told me I was the stuff. And I reckon I was, for I jest stuck to my seat till I landed in Eastville, safe and sound. But if I had n't been left-handed I'd have found myself in a nice fix when I got to Westville, whur I did n't have any business and don't know a livin' soul."

ANOTHER LOST ILLUSION.

"Tears, idle tears," the poet's time-worn phrase,
Tho' favorite and familiar, is not true;
For tears, I know, can work in many ways,
As you can tell when they've been worked on you.



WALKING.

"And must I walk the plank?" faltered the captive.
"Certainly!" replied the swart corsair, with a frown. "You don't imagine I'm going to supply you with a bicycle, do you?"
Piracy is, essentially, an unprogressive industry; it does not respond to the modern spirit.

THEY LET HIM IN.

BROWN. — So you lost your money in that scheme. I thought they let you in on the ground floor.
JONES. — Well, they eventually landed me in the cellar!

A CO-WORKER.

"What is that, Mama?" asked the observant young calf.
"That, my child," answered the cow, "is my partner, the pump."

INSTRUCTIONS.

BANK PRESIDENT. — I want you to shadow the cashier — and — er —
DETECTIVE. — Yes, sir?
BANK PRESIDENT. — You might find out if he has employed anybody to shadow me.

ART AND DENTISTRY.

"The dentist who can draw a tooth without giving pain is certainly an artist."
The person claiming to know something about the tendencies of the day, laughed bitterly.
"You are mistaken," he rejoined; "in these days no real artist can draw anything without giving pain."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"You will miss me when I am gone," she sobbed, after the quarrel.
"I would miss you before you go," said the brute, "if you only kept still."



PROTRACTING THE CAMPAIGN.

ELLA. — Polly complains that he is adopting Spanish tactics.
DICK. — What does she mean?
ELLA. — Trying to avoid an engagement.

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NEWPORT 1878



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

READY FOR THE VERDICT. BELATED NEWS of the outside world is trickling into Spain. There is a note of pathos in this moan of a Madrid newspaper: "This country has been deceived, for heretofore the United States have been represented to be merely a nation of merchants unfit for war, incapable of standing a long struggle, lacking a navy and imbued only with a greed for gold." And there is also pathos, relieved by unwitting humor, in the succeeding sentences: "It was concealed from us that this same nation had fought two wars with Great Britain, one with Mexico, and also the civil war in 1861, which gave liberty to the slaves. The power and strength of that nation have been hidden from our people, as well as our own weakness." That these data have been "concealed" from Spain is indeed regrettable. Yet they have been lying around loose in history for a long time, and the onus of concealment must be upon the ill-starred people that have kept their eyes away from them. The Madrid editor would seem to have put the matter correctly: The growth of the world out of the slough of barbarism in which Spain still wallows has surely been concealed from her. She was not only ignorant of the strength of the enemy she took on, but she did not know that her sister monarchies had long since ceased to be the peculiar kind of monarchy she is. She counted upon their standing together with her and for her; whereas, for one cause or another, they leave her to suffer alone the penalty of enlightenment. She has sown the wind well; and now the harvest of the whirlwind is upon her.

THE STUFF OF SOLDIERS. THE WORK of our troops around Santiago has shed some needed light upon the qualities that are needed to make a good soldier. It is a question that has sometimes been hotly discussed among us of late years. The Jingo said war was the one thing needed. Gentlemen in Congress, in the daily prints, at banquets and in all places where large talk is the fashion, said that war was the only remedy that could cure this country of the dry rot that had set in. We were fast degenerating into sordid money-grubbers, they said; and, indeed, they were not quite sure that we had not already passed the saving limit, and that a war would show us to be eternally dead to all manly courage. Still, they did their best to save us, if that were still possible, by seeking war for us. They had not much preference as to the enemy; any enemy would serve to show if there were still good stuff left in us. But there were those that gainsaid the Jingos; who argued that, because a nation lives in peace, its people do not necessarily degenerate into brainless, sapless, nerveless imbeciles. They could not see why it should be so. They had an idea that the general scheme of the universe has not provided that man shall be at his best only when he is at war. And they had another idea that the fighter of greatest courage and of greatest devotion to his country is the fighter whose very highest ideal is peace. Events at Santiago have sustained these latter arguers. It looks as if some of the finest courage the world has ever known has come right out of a generation that has known only peace. Let guns be what they may, it is plain that the spirit of the men behind them is what tells in war. Does any one now think that peace has sapped the valor of this generation, or that our men at Santiago would have shown a finer quality of patriotism if we had fought two or three wars in the last score of years? Let us see that war has no virtue of itself; that war is vile except as it makes for peace; and that a man can die for his country only so well as he has learned how to live for it.

PLACING THE CREDIT. A CONGRESSMAN is prone to squabble. He is apt to feel that he is not comporting himself with the dignity which his constituents demand in him except when he squabbles. This liking of his seems to have been responsible for the discussion that took place in the Senate over the relative meeds of glory due to Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley for the splendid naval victory of July 3rd. To the American people, who are the final arbiters in the case, this discussion will probably seem to have been uncalled for. They rejoice with Commodore Schley in the good luck that put him to the front in a stirring fight, and they regret with Admiral Sampson that the fortunes of war kept him off the stage during the last act of the drama he had managed so ably. But, while according every honor to Schley for his telling work, they would not deprive Sampson of his rightful share in the glory. They have come near to appreciating the rigors of the long blockade under Sampson's command, they understand that every seemingly idle day of that blockade was as vital a part of the victory as the shots that were fired on the morning of July 3rd, and their sense of fair play revolts at any invidious comparisons between the officers who maintained it, regardless of which particular officer was in command when it terminated. As a matter of truth, every man jack of our forces off Santiago is a hero, from the man on the bridge to the last stoker; and there was glory enough in the performance to give each hero all he wants and leave a large stock over for the rest of us.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

I. — FROM WHERE the chaparrals uplift
O'er Texan sea of grass;
From Arizona cañoned rift,
And Colorado pass;
From Boston elm and classic shade,
And Gotham masque and ball,
We've gathered, by one motive swayed —
Rough Riders are we all.

II. — We ken the ways of man and beast —
We've faced the prairie Death,
We've watched the buzzards at their feast,
We've felt the Norther's breath;
We know the realms of belles and beaux
And Fashion's gay command —
Our view lies from Delmonico's
Clear to the Rio Grande.

III. — But now, unchecked, the cattle whirl
In headlong, wild stampede;
And Beauty's banner may unfurl
In vain. We give no heed.
We've changed the ranch and city charms
For Cuban thatch and palm.
The jarring roll of hostile arms
Our psalm is, and psalm.

IV. — In strangely differing clime and place
Our names and paths appear,
For many a college knows our face,
And many a branded steer.
But, lo! one blood you find us, when
There sounds Columbia's call.
We spring to answer it, like men —
Rough Riders are we all.

Edwin L. Sabin.



NOTHING TO CRITICISE.

WISE. — They'll never get women to join the army.
MRS. WISE. — Indeed! And why not?
WISE. — The uniforms are all alike!



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WAITING FOR T
THE CORONER'S JURY WILL UNDOUBTEDLY FIND

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

G FOR THE VERDICT.

COURTEOUSLY FIND THAT THE DECEASED COMMITTED SUICIDE.

PUCK.



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SOCIAL ADVANCE.

"Do you play golf?"
"No; but I've got so I can stand it to see other people play it."

JOLLY US ALONG.

WHEN WE, without or with desire,
Are tangled in the law,
A lawyer, then, we needs must hire
To find the needful flaw.
Our splendid case commands his zeal
(Whether 't is right or wrong);
With writ, adjournment, stay, appeal,
He jollies us along!

When we perchance have fallen
sick,
And fever racks or pain,
Then send we for the doctor, quick,
To bring us health again.
"A marvelous case! None ere
so ill!"
(The same old cuckoo song);
With lotion, mixture, potion, pill,
He jollies us along!

But Lawyer Sharp and Doctor
Wise,
Who work for needful pelt,
Can never hope to take the prize
When matched with one's own self.
With power or wealth or fame in sight,
We struggle in the throng;
While hope keeps trimmed her luring
light
And jollies us along!

Hunter MacCulloch.



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FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

SAM.—Pete done said he am gwine ter bring a rabbit's foot to de pokah game.
MOSE.—Den Ise gwine ter bring a razzor!

FURTHER INFORMATION NEEDED.

CUMSO.—What's the matter, Whiffett?
WHIFFETT.—Taddells called me an ossified
liar. Had he any right to call me an
ossified liar? Tell me that!
CUMSO.—I don't know. What
does "ossified" mean?

THE ENGLISHMAN.

NEW ARRIVAL.—How
much is the fare from New
York to San Francisco?
TICKET AGENT.—One
hundred dollars.
NEW ARRIVAL.—You
bloomin' robber! I can
travel clear across England
for twenty dollars!

A FLASH OF SILENCE.

HE.—Why so pensive?
SHE.—I?
HE.—Yes. You have n't
said a word for forty seconds.

A NOTICE.

THE CALLER (*sharply*).—
Just ask Mrs. Jones if she'll
see me.
THE MAID.—Well, I'll see if
she'll see you; but I hope, for
your own sake, it ain't for subscrip-
tions or collections or such!



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DOMINANT RACES.

ISAACS.—You t'ink der Anglo-Zaxons vos going to rule der eart'?

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, may be dey mighd, but dot von't brevent der Hebrews from owning id!

CAUSE FOR INSOMNIA.

MALL VOICE (*in the middle of the night*).—Papa, I can't sleep.

PAPA.—What is the matter? Do you want a drink?

SMALL VOICE.—No, sir; I keep saying over and over to myself that it was Sampson who slew the Philippines; but, somehow, it does n't sound right.

THE ONLY WAY.

(*At the bulletin board: "Cadiz, 9.13 p. m. — The officers and men of the fleet were solemnly sworn before sailing not to return until they had conquered America."*)

OFFICER MCTURK.—Begob! Is it natcheralized they intind to be?

AT THE GAS OFFICE.

FIRST OFFICIAL.—Braynes is working on an invention to enable us to sell gas at twenty-five cents a thousand feet without reducing dividends.

SECOND OFFICIAL.—H'm! A new meter?

THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR.

JUNO.—Things don't seem to be as lively on the earth as they used to be.

JUPITER.—I know it. Mars has been getting dreadfully effeminate since he took those writing lessons.

BUT IT WAS EASY TO START THEM.

"Yes," said the Spanish officer; "we made the Americans run, but it was hard work for us."

"Hard work for you," replied the great Spanish commander; "how so?"

"Why, Saint Quixote! Your Worship, they could run almost as fast as we could!"

INAUSPICIOUS FATES.

What with Sampson and Merritt and Hobson,
And the other cognomens with knobs on,
'T would seem that the poet —
He perhaps does n't know it —
The dread fates are putting up jobs on.

AN AMENDMENT.

BROOKLYNITE.—There is some criticism of the signs on the trolley cars—"Direct to New York"—as Brooklyn is part of New York.

FRIEND, FROM MANHATTAN.—Yes; I suppose it would be better just to say, "Away from Brooklyn."

A THEORY.

FIRST FARMER.—They say there's a man in New York that never shakes hands with anybody.

SECOND FARMER.—P'raps he's had some exper'ence with bunco men.

EQUALLY EXTRAORDINARY.

"The American marksmanship during this war has been remarkable."

"Not a bit more remarkable than the Spanish marksmanship."



IT IS reported that Spain's next move will be the King's pawn.

IN WHEAT, as in poker, one may make money on another man's deal.

DON'T BE too anxious to make a noise in the world. The Spanish guns have done that.

WHEN REPORTING losses the Spanish general is apt to be short in his accounts.



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A SURPRISE.

ALGY SOFTPATE.—Haw! Tom Newlywed wants to name his new baby after me, yeh know!

ETHEL SUMMERGURL.—Why, you surprise me! I thought it was a boy!

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

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THERE is that in a man which leads him to crave notice from his fellows, even if it be only the compliment of an obituary notice.—*Ram's Horn.*

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BELWAY.—How careless of you! I wanted to borrow it
—*Roxbury Gazette.*



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Capitol completely eradicates scurf and dandruff in 10 to 14 days, and is a sure preventive of baldness. (See Deutsche Medizin, Wochenschrift, 1897, No. 41.)

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MRS. DE SMART. — Mercy on me! Fido! Come here, sir! Don't you go into that house again. It's full of fleas.

— *New York Weekly.*

WHEN we hear of the widow of several husbands suffering from an attack of nervous prostration we wonder if it is a breaking out of the same old attack that killed the others. — *West Union Gazette.*

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HE.—What is the use of the bridal veil, anyhow?

SHE.—Why, it prevents the man seeing that the woman is laughing at him!

— *Yonkers Statesman.*

A WOMAN does not care how warm her dress really is, if it looks cool. — *Atchison Globe.*

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Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists, all sorts of people use it, especially those that know what's what.

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Ask your dealer for it. A book about buying, wearing and caring for shoes mailed free.

ROBERT H. FOEDERER,
Philadelphia.



THE man who writes poetry by the yard ought to pass on and give the grass a chance. — *Adams Freeman.*



HEAVEN.

MAIDEN AUNT (*reading the Scriptures aloud to NEPHEW*). — In heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage.

NEPHEW.—This earth must be a perfect heaven to you, is n't it, Auntie?

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THE name of the admiral in charge of the Cadiz fleet is Camara, and not Kodak, as Mrs. Lysander John Appleton insists. — *Atchison Globe*.

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WHEN a widower buys false teeth people like to look suspicious. — *Washington Star*.

COULD N'T UNDERSTAND IT.

"Last year," said the man with the furry silk hat, "our company paid \$50,000 to the government."

"Great Scott!" rejoined his friend, whose coat sleeves were too short, "Are n't you people rich enough to keep from paying all those taxes?" — *Detroit Free Press*.



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STERN FATHER. — Why, daughter! that young man is the most bare-faced liar — DAUGHTER. — Oh, Father! how can you say so? Frank has the beautifullest, softest — er — softest-looking moustache I ever saw, I mean. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

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THE very prettiest age in a girl is when she is too shy to go anywhere, unless an older sister goes with her. This age antedates the corset. It is the brief time in a girl's life when she is pretty, and does n't dream of such a thing. — *Atchison Globe*.

BOB (to TOMMY, who has just been spanked). — Tommy! THOMAS. — Yes? BOB. — Don't you wish you were an ironclad? — *Harper's Bazar*.



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Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

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SEND a boy out early in the morning, to deliver milk, and he looks like the devil; but, under the same circumstances a girl looks like a queen, and has an air on her face indicating that she is a rich man's daughter carrying milk to a poor family. — *Atchison Globe*.

THE man whose hair has come out, can make himself very interesting to any woman by announcing that it came out through a fever. — *Atchison Globe*.

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A WOMAN is a good deal prouder of a jacket made out of an old one than she is of one made of new stuff. — *Washington Democrat*.

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The newest condiment, unique and original. Nutritious and delicious. Made of queen olives, rare herbs, spices and an appetizing sauce.

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RILEY.—Shure an' Oi do thot. Oi nivvir kin meet an Orangeman widout cluching wid him on th' shpot.

The United States is fast becoming the great grape-growing country of the world. *Cook's Imperial Champagne* is the best.

Health improves, spirits rise proportionate to regularity of using Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine only—"Abbott's."

"YOU are a nice little boy," said the kindly old gentleman at the hotel.

"Thank you," said Tommy.

"Have you any little brothers?"

"Yes," said Tommy; "I've got brothers to burn; but I'm rather short on papas. We've only got one." — *Harper's Bazar*.

A YEAR FOR AMERICANS TO REMAIN IN AMERICA.

As this seems to be a year for most Americans to stay in the United States it is perhaps appropriate to call attention to America's Great Resorts, particularly those reached directly by the New York Central and its connections. Prominent among which are the Thousand Islands, the Adirondack Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George and Lake Champlain, Niagara Falls, the Berkshire and Litchfield Hills, the Catskill Mountains, and hundreds more equally as good and healthful.

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DON'T blow a steamship whistle testimony for a cockle-shell life. — *Ram's Horn*.

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MABEL. (*Just arrived*).—What a delightful place! Any men here?
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